

The Anti-Slavery Bugle.

MARIUS R. ROBINSON, Editor.

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Selected Articles.

From the Indiana Free Democrat.

KILLING OF FUGITIVE SLAVES AUTHORIZED BY THE SLAVE CODE.

In looking into the Pro-Slavery papers both political and religious, we learn that the Compromise Measures of Congress, as well as the Compromise Resolutions of the various Ecclesiastical bodies, have not entirely allayed agitation on the subject of our Republican Slavery—there are yet some mouths that are opened for the dumb—there are some hearts that feel for those that are in "bonds and with them." We rejoice to know that no legislation can stop the tide of human thought when calmly directed to measures tending to the emancipation of race from cruel bondage, and that ecclesiastical measures however conservative, can entirely damp the efforts of those interested in the perpetuation of our Slave system and all its pernicious influences, one great fact is established by our past experience. That is, that every vital of truth poured out on the ears of the beast, shows the world that his kingdom is full of darkness and makes him gnaw his tongue for pain. This is illustrated by the effect of Uncle Tom on the heart of Christian civilization.

It is also seen in all the forms of apologetics and excuse offered in palliation of the gigantic evil. In their anxiety to ward off the effects of the vials they occasionally make serious mistakes as to matters of fact. This is particularly the case with a pious Brother writing in the New York Observer of March 10, 1853.

Passing over much that might be profitably noticed, we call attention to the following, which we present in form of contrast from slaveholding authority.

The writer in the Observer says:

"I have never known a reward offered by a master for the killing of his fugitive slave."

"No! neither would I believe that our Slaves—while prominently a good people are subject to a cruel and tyrannical system, that rewards are offered for killing them when they attempt to escape from their oppressors."

"These atrocities are represented as done upon the person and conscience of law in the Slaveholding States."

"At advertisement in the Mason, (Ga.) Telegraph of May 28, 1853 reads:

"On the 1st of last March my negro man, Ransom, left me without the least provocation. I have since been offered a reward of \$200 for said negro, if taken dead or alive. If killed in any attempt an advance of \$5 will be paid."

"Burruss Johnson, Crawford Co., Georgia."

"The Northern Spectator, of January 5, 1853, has the following:

"Runaway a negro man named Sampson. Fifty dollars will be given for his delivery to me. If he resists or if violence is necessary to take him no damages will be claimed if the slave is killed."

"Knox Post," An advertisement in the Charleston (S. C.) Courier, of 30th Feb., 1853, reads:

"\$300 Reward.—Runaway from the subscriber in November last, his two negro men, Billy and Pompey. Billy is 25 years old, and is known as a free person of my last for many years. In all probability he may resist; in that event \$50 will be paid for his head."

Many other cases might be selected, but these are sufficient.

Now the gentleman who thus offered these rewards for the murder of his servants did so in conformity to the law of the State. They proceeded officially in their intended butcheries. Read the following Proclamation of two Justices of the Peace:

"And we do hereby by virtue of an Act of the Assembly of this State, concerning servants and slaves, intimate and declare, if the said slaves do not surrender themselves and return home to their master immediately, after the publication of these presents, any person may kill and destroy said slaves by such means as he or they may think fit, without accusation or impeachment of any crime or offense for so doing, or without incurring any penalty or forfeiture thereby."

"Given under our hands and seals this 12th November, 1853."

B. COLEMAN, J. P. [Seal.] JAMES JONES, J. P. [Seal.]

This letter in the Observer is important at the present time by calling our attention to this particular subject. Its bold affirmations in behalf of slaveholders, and its strong denunciations of Mrs. Stowe, have led us to look to these questions as sustained by public opinion in slaveholding communities and embodied in their laws.

The laws of any community, particularly those of a general nature, are the manifestation or expression of the moral sense of that community—they are the embodiment of the feelings of the law-makers on their specific subjects—they are the visible exhibition of the heart of society and thus it is that the moral and progressive condition of any community can be seen in its laws, and more especially in those laws that relate to its industrial relations and interests. Hence in all those countries and States where labor is honorable, and industry is sustained by public sentiment—where the individuals who perform these important services are educated, and are in the possession of their own manhood—all these countries and States have made and are making progress in the abilities of a high and paramount civilization. The evidence thereof is not visible only in the condition of the laborer, but also in the nature and humanity and excellency of their laws. On the contrary, those countries and States who are so far in the rear of civilization as to frame laws forbidding the education of the masses who perform their daily labor, and who declare the best condition of the laborer is that of chattelship, can of necessity make no true and enduring progress. Their laws must indicate their internal State, and hence we are not, by any means, surprised to see rewards offered for killing an escaping chattel sanctioned.

The entire condition and constitution of our Slaveholding society, notwithstanding the language

and accomplishments of the superior class, is contrary to Divine order, and of course is a fountain of evil, and while our civil and spiritual rulers and teachers devote their time and talents to its extension and consolidation, they are running upon "Jehovah's neck and on the thick bones of his buckler."

The puny and childish excuses that the safety of the Union and peace of the Church all depend on the number of fugitives that we can fasten on our neighbor's heels will not be responded to by the piety and intelligence of the age. It is becoming too late to persuade the reflecting that the best hopes of our fathers for that large freedom to which they pledged their lives, depends on the institution of American Slavery, or that the Cross of Christ presents its most attractive aspect when surrounded by manacle and chain.

ONE OF THE OLD CAPTAINS.

Lafayette, March 26, 1853.

BURNING PAPERS IN VIRGINIA.

The Religious Telescope is a religious newspaper published at Circleville in this State, as the organ of the Church of the "United Brethren in Christ." It is mildly but decidedly anti-slavery in its character. A large number of the members of the "Brethren Church," reside in Virginia, and of course some of them wished to take and read the official organ of their church. But it seems the sovereignty of the Old Dominion, has stepped in between these people and their rights of conscience. The Telescope has been publicly burned by the Post Master at Glenville Va., by order of the Magistrate. The worthy functionary gives the following refreshingly cool account of his proceedings in this case:

GLENVILLE, VA.

MR. JOHN LAWRENCE.—Sir—I feel it my duty as Deputy Post Master, to inform you that your paper called Religious Telescope is one of such character as cannot be distributed in the State of Virginia. Nothing of an abolition character can under the laws of this State be put in circulation. I was sorry to learn upon inspection of your paper that it contained violent abolition articles, such as are in direct violation of the laws of this State, which subject the editors and creators of all such documents to imprisonment in the State Penitentiary for not less than one, nor more than five years. It is made my duty under the law to inspect such papers and have the same burned. And your paper being found upon examination to be one of the above character, was consigned on last Saturday to the flames in the presence and by the direction of the Magistrate. A copy of your paper has been retained in this office and will be before the grand jury of our county at the next Circuit Court. Yours, &c.

W. E. HERENDON, P. M.

There is a somewhat antiquated document called the Constitution of the United States, which is certainly the supreme law of the land, which prescribes that the freedom of thought and of the press shall not be abridged. There is a still more antiquated book called the Bible, which some folks prefer to regard as containing the code of God's high law, one of whose statutes runs in this wise:—

"Prove all things, hold fast that which is good."

The authority of both these documents seems to be at a discount among the higher civilized and enlightened denizens of the "Old Dominion." It seems that a certain W. E. Herendon, P. M., is conscience keeper for that portion of the people residing in the favored vicinity of Glenville Va. By the law it is Mr. H's "duty to inspect" all publications of a certain character, and "have the same burned."

Three cheers for the freedom of speech and of the press in old Virginia! We suggest respectfully that all timid people who find it quite a trouble to exercise the right to think and act for themselves, emigrate at once to the enlightened regions surrounding "Glenville Va." where they may be freed from all responsibility of exercising this embarrassing right, and place their conscience in the paternal keeping of Mr. "W. E. Herendon, P. M., and "The Magistrate," his worthy colleague.

We think it altogether probable that if they have a protestant newspaper at "Glenville Va." it is about this time, filled with denunciations, piping hot, against the Catholics of all countries, for the awful crime of consigning protestant books and papers to the flames.—Free Presbyterian.

CORRESPONDENCE OF THE IND. F. DEM.

MR. EDITOR.—Pro bono publico, God and my country, impel me to action. Seeing that dust is the *alma mater* of man, all springing from the same source and placed upon the same grand platform, a monitor within cries out, Give all men, every where, equal rights.

But how is this abused? Its reins are held fast by men of sinister motives; those, too, who should be beacon lights in the onward march of Freedom. Freedom has ever been opposed since the world began; and because the ancients succeeded measurably in chaining it fast, the moderns think they must increase their glory by doing the same; but Liberty's God still lives. Although men may chain mercy fast, yet oppression's bands shall be torn asunder, and thrown to the winds. May God speed that long-looked-for, happy day, when Freedom's Sun shall rise, and like a steadfast planet, mount and reign triumphantly over this slavery, sin-cursed nation.

What age is this? Is it not the age of Gospel light? Why then should it not be an age of Gospel privileges? I hear the answer echoing within the bounds of sacred walls.—It is, it is.

If so, why then not initiate Slavery's sons into its privileges? why not grant them Gospel liberty? They need not the Gospel, cry men of this Christian day. If such an answer had come from a fiend in hell, we would have thought it in accordance with his nature and position; but men living in the midst of Christian influence and Bible privileges, to decide thus, undoubtedly prove them non *compensati*.

Go, if you please, into the so-called flourishing abodes of Slavery, and take items for one month; and if you don't come to the conclusion that man—yes, man claiming to be men of moral and literary accomplishments—have turned demons in human form, then we are deceived. Go to Louisiana,

the Eden of Slavery, yet a perfect hospital of misery, where men are classed with brutes and made a slave—called slave, without a soul, because black—ill clad, ill fed; without Gospel and the Bible; to waste and die as *curs*, unnoticed, without any pitying eye—and if you do not conclude that Slavery is wrong, we'll think you are lost to all humanity. God save our State from such a curse.

It is our opinion, Mr. Editor, that if all Christians would devoutly pray for the annihilation of Slavery in our Union, it might be accomplished. But alas! how different. We have heard ministers in the public congregation pray for "God to enlighten the North, and teach them the error of their ways." Instead of praying for their own slavery-cursed States. Slavery is not in accordance with the teachings of the Gospel of Jesus Christ, for it is "glad tidings of great joy; and all who comes up to its requirements live in peace and joy. What is Slavery? Is it joy and peace, or misery and woe? Do its subjects partake of this joy, or of sorrow and degradation? Let the advocates of Slavery answer. The curse of the Almighty has rested upon Slavery ever since its birth.

Pharaoh, that old slaveholder of Egypt, was cursed with frogs, lice, and such like, and at last himself and host were swallowed up in the deep; while those poor Israelites, scourged and treated worse than old Pinchus's kitchen cat, were at last delivered most gloriously. Heaven have mercy upon the Pharaohs of our day!

The South is continually filling our ears with the cry, "Slavery exists among us, and we can't get rid of it." Cannot the South rid herself of that rigid cruelty exercised over her slaves? Can she not legislate laws to prevent wife and husband from being torn from each other's kind embrace? Does the South suppose that negro fathers and mothers have no feelings? that they have no regard for their offspring? Does the South suppose that, because they are black, God gave them no soul? that the Gospel does not regard them as fit subjects to attain eternal life? Dare the South say that negroes by nature are not as good as we are—that they should not have equal rights with ourselves? We throw not; we hope better things. We do not believe the ancient motto, "Don't soil our noble person," will answer in this case, or we might apply it; but our glorious motto, "E pluribus unum," will stand the test. O, righteous Parent! grant that the Union may be so great that every man, black and white, may treat each other as brothers and sisters!

Let the Christian world pray thus, O, *fraternal* action, ACTION!—*une qui non*.

Yours, etc., etc.,

VERITAS.

Cabiz, Ind., Feb. 1853.

(From Sharpe's Magazine for July.)

SLAVE-HUNTS IN THE SAHARA.

BY HORACE ST. JOHN.

From the bondman, trembling under a scourge in the American plantations, we sometimes turn to Africa, the mother of bondage, who forces chains for her own children. Of the iron dog from her own mountains these fables are made, and the tribes of the sons of Tubal Cain beat and shape them on her own soil. In the solitude of these central deserts man keeps the gate open to his enemy. The sword never found a passage thither. Nothing but gold ever penetrated the Sahara. Its dwellers were never conquered by an Alexander or a Caesar, but any trucking kidnapper can corrupt them. It is a bitter witness to the broken faith of man with man, to see creatures born under the pledge of a common compact and natural law, betraying and degrading one another; but the most miserable sight in the whole dark range of human debasement is that of the beginning of the slave's sorrow. He is pitiable when he has grown old in servitude, but still more pitiable when the anklets and manacles are new and bright upon his limbs, when liberty still lingers in his thoughts, like the sweetest taste of childhood, and he is torn from home, eating a long, wretched, hopeless look behind.

Remote in the wilderness of Central Africa slavery brings forth its offspring. There, among beautiful hills and oases, watered by delicious springs, with date-groves shading hamlets which seem all pleasantness and peace, mothers nurse the young brood which is to pine and toil, and perish in the sugar or tobacco grounds of Cuba or the Western Continent.

Melancholy everywhere, the slave system is most melancholy in Central Africa. For, in those distant countries, defended on all sides by deserts, and only made accessible by the cupidity of man, we perceive the slave in his original home, enjoying that happiness which harmonizes with his nature, and is interrupted by the stealth or violence of the kidnapper.

We may choose a city of the once famous and mysterious kingdom of Bourne—the city of Zinder, buried deep in the centre of Africa; it is picturesquely situated amid undulations of green hills, with sprinkles of gigantic baobabs.

The great trade of the kingdom is in slaves, who are classed in a peculiar manner; the men are assorted into those who have a beard, those who have none, and those who have a beard beginning; while the women are valued according to the size and shape of their bosoms. The best of them go to the city of Niamey, to be there shipped for America. There is an immense traffic in these slaves, who are exchanged for American goods, which are to be found in these markets more abundantly than those of any other country. The chief slave-hunters in these kingdoms are, of course, the kings themselves. Some of them go out once a year, others once a month, and on various pretences, though many avow openly the purpose of their expedition. Formerly, when the rulers were Moslems, and the people idolaters, a religious cry covered the shame of the kidnapper; but the whole population became Mohammedan, and then the faithful hunted the faithful as savagely as they had before hunted the Kaffirs or infidels! Their common law is this: A chief commands a quarrel with some town or village within his territories, upon some affair of taxation, and then, to vindicate his rights, marches forth and captures all the inhabitants. In order to enjoy this privilege he

pays a tribute to the Great Sheikh, or Lord of Bourne.

A regular razzia, or slave-hunt in the Sahara, is perhaps the most extraordinary of all the operations invented by man to obtain wealth. For some time before, there is generally a rumor in the city that this event is to take place, and great is the excitement in the bordering countries until it is known in which direction the *sarkee* or governor will march. This village is now named, and now that; but a mystery usually prevails till within a few days of the start. Meanwhile, small parties are sent out from time to time to steal "a family or two," in order to be exchanged for certain nuts which the *sarkee* is pleased to like. Then, perhaps, a boy offers a little fruit. Public justice must be vindicated! He is sold in the bazaar, and not only he, but his father, mother and sisters, and perhaps the whole circle of his relations, the money being appropriated by the chief.

Gradually, however, the plan of the great razzia is completed. A thousand slaves are required—so many to be sent to the Sheikh, so many to be distributed among the inferior traders, and so many to be kept by the *sarkee*. If a common man catches five, three belong to him, and two to his feudal master; if he kidnaps two, each has one for his share. Thus the whole populace has an interest in the result of the expedition; and all join with hope and gloom to chase the peaceful villagers of the contiguous country, and bring them home desolate in chains. Five thousand cavalry, and thirty thousand bowmen assemble on a plain near the city; the drums of Zinder beat; the people shout; gay flags and emblems stream in the sun; and away goes the cavalcade with as much pomp and pride as Napoleon's legions winding along the heights to conquer at Marengo.

After several days' journey, the army reaches a country where slaves may be caught, and disperses itself to the several cities and villages. Sometimes the people defend themselves heroically with their bows and arrows; flying to the summits of rocks, and selling their liberty dearly. Often, however, they are surprised while they are preparing their meals, or dancing, or celebrating a bridal feast; and then the enemy rush in, seize them, chain, and bear them unresistingly away. If the hamlet be left with stockades, a garbison of expert archers may occasionally drive back the forlorn hope of the slave-hunters, but a second assault is victorious; and the dwellings are left level with the earth. The butchers are violently broken open; the inside is ransacked; the milk-bows and calabashes are taken with the bones, arrows, and axes; and the hut is next unroofed or set on fire, while the cattle, sheep, and the goats are swept out of every field, to swell the general bounty.

Meanwhile, in Zinder the inhabitants await eagerly the return of the hunters. They are sent out to different elevations near the city to watch for the shadow and the dust of the homeward-marching army. At length, after an absence more or less prolonged, a cry is heard, "The *sarkee* is coming!" All the population throngs out to learn the truth. If he is not himself within sight, the fruits of his achievements are visible. A single horseman paces along, showing the way to a miserable train of newly-made slaves. Here comes a group of little boys, naked, fearless, playing about as though it were a holiday; then a string of mothers dragging themselves along, with babes at their breasts; then girls of various ages, some scarcely bloomed out of childhood, others ripest to maturity; then, as Richardson describes in his wonderfully striking narrative, old men bent two double with the weight of many years, their troubling limbs drooping towards the ground, "their poor old heads covered with white wool;" next come aged women, tottering and helping themselves along with staves, and after them stout youths, chained neck and neck together, who are huddled through the gateways, never to pass them but in bonds.

There is joy in Zinder. All day long the triumph is prolonged. Following this vanguard—the subject trophies of misery, come single cavaliers, then lines of horsemen galloping over the plain, then cavalry with drums beating, and then a body of mounted warriors, with helmets of brass and padded coats, who marched around the *sarkee* or sultan. At length the mass of the hunting army appears in sight, tottering along a rolling canopy of dust, and with it comes the spoil of the expedition, perhaps three thousand slaves. This is the beginning of a sorrow which is to end perhaps with insults and lashes in a plantation of Virginia.

Some of the captives taken are, after the general sale, domesticated in Zinder, or a neighboring Bourne city. Almost every household has one or two trained, who, from the method in which the iron are fixed on their limbs, cannot walk, but when they are obliged to go about, move along with little jumps. No sight can be conceived more painful; but if the people will have slaves it is necessary to fether them, because there are so many towns and retreats near, to which they could escape without difficulty, and whence they could not easily be brought back. They are exceedingly useful to their owners, who enjoy indolence and comfort through their industry; and for this reason it is, that when the slave-hunting army returns, so much delight fills the population that they salute the army with the beautiful Arabic word "Alberika!"—blessing! In the same spirit the Italian bandit repeats an invocation to the Virgin while he cocks his pistol!

The slaves cultivate the ground, cook food, sweep the huts, and do all kinds of menial offices for their masters, and when they offend, are punished with awful severity by them. Yet they are not on the whole inhumanly treated, and are allowed to enjoy some of their favorite amusements. On the "night of power," in which the Koran is said to have descended from heaven, they are permitted to have a feast, a free dance, and songs; and then they are forced for the hour, all thought of suffering, and are as happy as under their native shades. On certain days, too, they visit the tombs of their dead friends, burning incense over them, calling upon their names, and praying to be restored "to them and to liberty after death." They dress very gaily on holidays, and derive from such occasions an enjoyment which seems almost to compensate for the sadness of the rest of the year. Many of them

are patterns of fidelity, and after a lengthened period of service will die for their masters.

But the most unhappy are those who are doomed to be sent across deserts, to be sold in distant cities, and scattered far over the earth in strange lands. Regular caravans are formed to take them across the Sahara, to the market of the coast. They are either sold or couched to the dealers, and marched in the heat of the day over the desolate wastes of sand and rock, with no alleviation to their toil except the lightness of their own hearts, and the cheer of their own songs.

The train is ready—it starts; little time is given for adieu, and the links of blood, and the bonds of love, and all the dear affinities of the heart, are broken for ever! And who shall say that such pangs do not burn as deeply into the bosom of the negro, sudden and hopeless partings—"such a break young hearts"—burn in the bosoms of the most youthful and delicate in England!

A number of camels, with a file of armed men, march with the weary cavalcade of slaves. They may be seen struggling along the brown desert, from crawling and scarcely able to move, others urged suddenly on by threats or blows. Lately, a caravan fell in with one of these melancholy caravans. Recounted of about twenty camels laden with ivory, and thirty girls, who had been seventy days on their monotonous, mournful way. Most of these poor young creatures had performed journeys on their road from their own happy villages to captivity, which would require for any European traveller who should perform them, an unequalled exertion. Some of them had little children plunged on their backs. They met an old woman who was returning free to her own country, under the protection of a party of white men. No ivory filled their sad breasts. They fell upon her aged neck, weeping and kissing her, and blessing her in return for the kind wish she uttered, that the same happiness might be in store for all of them.

Away the caravan proceeds over the unmeasured desert, the camels pacing along in strings, one bridled to another, and resembling, in the distance, a moving mass of troops, especially when the mirage multiplies their long piles to the eye. A solid lid of rock constitutes the basis of the region, scattered over with fine dry sand, or blue pebbles, except when a fountain gushes amid its little green paradise, like a smile on the face of desolation. Occasionally, a vast assemblage of rocks appears on the horizon, and seems to the believing eye of the Moslem, some abandoned city of the Sun. Then a small lake shines like a patch of silver under some palms, and some pretty red and yellow wild flowers are scattered along the track; and the wanderer, unaccustomed to beauty amid all this dreariness,

"In barren deserts, with surprise,
Sees hills spring, and sudden verdure rise;
And starts amid the thirsty wilds to hear
New falls of water murmuring in his ear."

The slaves as they march wear scarcely any clothes, and are treated as much like merchandise as it is possible for human beings to be. Three or four are often made into a "parcel"—a young woman, a young man, and two children. Their condition varies, of course, with the character of their drivers. Some are grossly and savagely used, whipped along by day, and made the toy of their masters in the camp; others are kindly treated, well fed, and permitted to ride in turn. Those with infants in their arms are behaved to with tenderness and even respect—respect, I mean, of the sort which is paid to women in this part of the earth. Generally, females are not believed to possess souls; they have no moral motives to virtue, no finity or feminine pride, no liberty of the affections, and are expected to do wrong if they can. From women in such a position what can be anticipated? Sultan Emoor, of the unexplored Kingdom of Aheer, told Richardson his ideas on this subject: "The opinions of his highness of women do not flatter the ladies; he recommended us never to listen to the advice of our wives; if we did we should be lost. The women were very wild to fetch water, pound ghashel, and cook the supper, but for nothing else. He never himself paid any attention to what they said; they were awful talkers." So much for the old savage. However, women in bonds are not likely to be the best representatives of their sex.

Happy is it for the poor slave-girls on their march over the Sahara, that they have light hearts. They sing touching and plaintive songs, laden with memories of home, laden with thoughts of former joys, laden with recollections of the fields and huts where they spent their happy youth, and so they beguile their way. As soon as the place of encampment is reached, they arrange everything and light fires first for their masters and then for themselves. The cold of the desert is bitter at night, and the wretched creature wears little or no clothing. Their rations of food are then served to them; and too often the barley-meal and water which would be scarcely sufficient for one, is divided among ten of the famished and squallid slaves.

They may have been on foot fourteen hours; they may be still hungry, thirsty, weary; yet, as the evening deepens, they rise one by one to the dance, and trip upon the sand until the moon grows pale. They beat their uncouth drums, and the young slaves fly round, often in very modest and graceful measures, though often, too, in figures quite of another character. A peculiar, hopping step is much in practice among them, and it is by no means an uncurious circumstance that we can trace many of the favorite negro dances in America to their origin in the remote kingdoms of the Sahara. They have preserved some of the most singular of the movements and evolutions, as well as many native airs, so that the spirit of Africa is breathed again among the sugar-canes and cotton-fields of Alabama and Carolina. In such festivities the unhappy creatures fall into forgetfulness of their lot, and seem as though lost by an indifference, which however, only lasts while the merriment goes on. See them next morning setting out, with unwilling steps, their heads bent, their eyes downcast and dull, their faces marked with sorrow, and all the illusion of the moonlit revelry passes away, and slavery becomes again as cheerless and desolate a thing as the Sahara itself.

And so the caravan toils along, now winding in irregular files along the plain, now crawling up a mountain, now bounding near a well, and on the green fields of an oasis. As it goes, some of the victims fall in strength, and sink and perish on the

road. The very aged especially leave their bonds in this manner; half-way between their former dwelling places and the termination of the journey of bondage. It seems a gratuitous cruelty on the part of the slave-hunters to disturb tottering old men and women, who have nothing left on earth but to die, and who, if they were actually brought to market, would not sell for more than one shilling so feeble and useless are they. When they expire a hole is dug, or rather scratched, in the sand, and they are thrown in, and a loose stone is placed over them. Numbers of such graves mark the foot great caravan tracks, from the kingdom of the Sahara to the northern coast. Many little mounds too, the resting beds of children who have died on this road; the earth is hollowed for them; the moment they have ceased to breathe, even before, and no mother, no friend has ever come to visit the sacred place again. An undistinguishable blot on the map for a while upon the spot, but the desert is soon reclaimed to its level, and every sign of their existence is gone.

ALL'S FOR THE BEST.

All's for the best! be sanguine and cheerful,
Trouble and sorrow are friends to disguise;
Nothing but folly gets faithless and faithless,
Courage forever is happy and wise.

All for the best!—a man would but know it,
Providence wishes us all to be blest;
This is no dream of the poet or poet,
Heaven is gracious, and—All's for the best!

All's for the best! set this on your standard,
Soldier of endurance, or pilgrim of love,
Who to the shores of Despair may have wandered,
A way-worned sear, or heart-stricken doe;
All for the best!—a man would but know it,
Providence tenderly governs the roe,
And the frail bark of His creature is guiding,
Wisely and warily, all for the best.

All for the best! then fling every terror,
Meet all your fears and your foes in the van,
And in the midst of your dangers or errors,
Trust like a child, while you strive like a man.
All's for the best!—unbanned, unbound,
Providence reigns from the East to the West;
And by both wisdom and mercy surrounded,
Hope and be happy that All's for the best.

COMMON SENSE.

The following suggestions are worthy of note, and are copied from the Commonwealth as expressive of our nation:

"Our women have a better right to become voters than Victoria has to be queen. If they should arise in their strength, demand their right, secure it, and use it, we are not sure that the effect on our politics would not be wholesome. The influence of the woman might civilize them, and contentedly succumb to that rule and passionate selfishness which interferes so much to regulate political movements."

"With the woman at the polls, a town meeting might become as civil and social as a picnic. No other social gathering is deemed complete without the women; and some people are so odd as to insist that the town meeting is in complete and much inclined to tarntation without them, and they insist that the next generation of men will fully recognize this fact and take the proper account of it."

Missouri.—Mr. and Mrs. Bateham of the Old Cultivator are on a tour West. Mr. B. writes from St. Louis of Slavery and its influence upon improvements, as follows:

Agricultural improvement has not as yet made rapid progress in Missouri, owing doubtless to the more inviting character of the fertile prairies of Illinois and other western States, and the influence of Slavery in deterring emigrants from the free States and Europe from settling here. Indeed the latter objection is the more common one urged against settling in Missouri by persons whom we have heard speak on the subject, and we greatly wonder that the intelligent citizens of Missouri, so few of whom are slave owners, have not before this time taken measures to rid their fair State of the tainting influence of slavery. As a matter of mere pecuniary consideration, we are quite sure the advantage would be manifold greater than the value of all the slaves.

Three "gay and gallant gentlemen" left Covington, a few days since, to hunt for a fugitive negro among the hills west of that town. To entertain themselves, they indulged several times before starting, in the glorious privilege of drinking whiskey, and took ample supply of the article along. They had not proceeded far, before they differed as to various matters, and soon found themselves engaged in a "free fight." One of them named Crockett fired a pistol at another named Jeffes, and a buck shot that had been intended for the fugitive, took effect in the chin of the latter, and several sharp strokes, intended for no one particular, cut and bruised the same individual severely.

The FUGITIVE COMMITTEE OF BUCKS NORTH AND SOUTH.—The Richmond Examiner publishes an interesting statistical article, contrasting the physical condition of the free blacks of the North and the slaves of the South. The Examiner says:

In Maine there are 1655 free blacks, of whom 34 are insane—one to fourteen! In Louisiana, there were 45 insane out of 233,294 slaves—one to every four thousand three hundred and ten. In Massachusetts, the ratio of insanity among the free negroes was one to every 53. In Virginia, one to 1286. In Missouri, one to 979. In Illinois, 1 to 141. The census of 1850 showed that there was one blind person to every 2445, while, among the free colored persons of the Paradise of the Abolitionists at the North, there is one blind to every eight hundred and seventy. There is one idiot to every 1049 slaves, and one idiot to every 436 blacks at the North! The total of afflicted, of deaf, dumb, and idiotic, and insane among slaves at the South, is one to every 1067—while those horrid maladies are endured among the free blacks of the North, under the care of Gerrit Smith, Garrison, Aunt Harriet and Douglass, in the ratio of one to every three hundred and sixteen.